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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1876, and is now in its thirty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with few exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable business and household information. Rescuing so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening there was a lively discussion among the members in regard to allowing ball playing on Sunday. Although no action was taken, because the matter is covered by a State law, there was much talk about the matter. The matter was brought up by the presentation of a number of petitions with something over five hundred signatures, asking the members of the board to permit base ball in Newport on Sunday. Alderman Cottrell asked the city collector if the law forbidding it was a State law or a city ordinance, and was informed that it was a State law. Mr. Cottrell did not see that the board could therefore take any action in the matter, although he himself was not opposed to Sunday ball.

Alderman Anthony wanted to know how it was that base ball was shut off, although many other forms of amusement were allowed to run. Mayor Clarke said that if all the laws were strictly enforced there would not be much to do on Sunday but eat meals and go to church. Alderman Boyle thought base ball a much less evil than some other things that are now going on in the city, and he believed that Mayor Clarke is inconsistent. He said that base ball is being played on Sunday all over the State. To this statement, Mayor Clarke took exception, saying that no city in the State allows base ball on Sunday. The Mayor further stated that, probably, not one-half the signers of the petitions would be in favor of Sunday base ball if it was to be allowed all over the city, but permission was asked for one place alone. He did not think that all the people in Newport wanted the city placed on a resort basis where people would come to be amused. After some further desultory discussion, it was voted to receive the petitions and the matter was dropped.

The regular weekly payments were approved. A communication from the State board of agriculture in regard to the tussock moth was referred to the park commission. The petition of James T. Douglas for \$25.40 for injuries alleged to have been received while assisting a police officer, was referred to the chief of police. The decree for the Washington street extension was presented and passed.

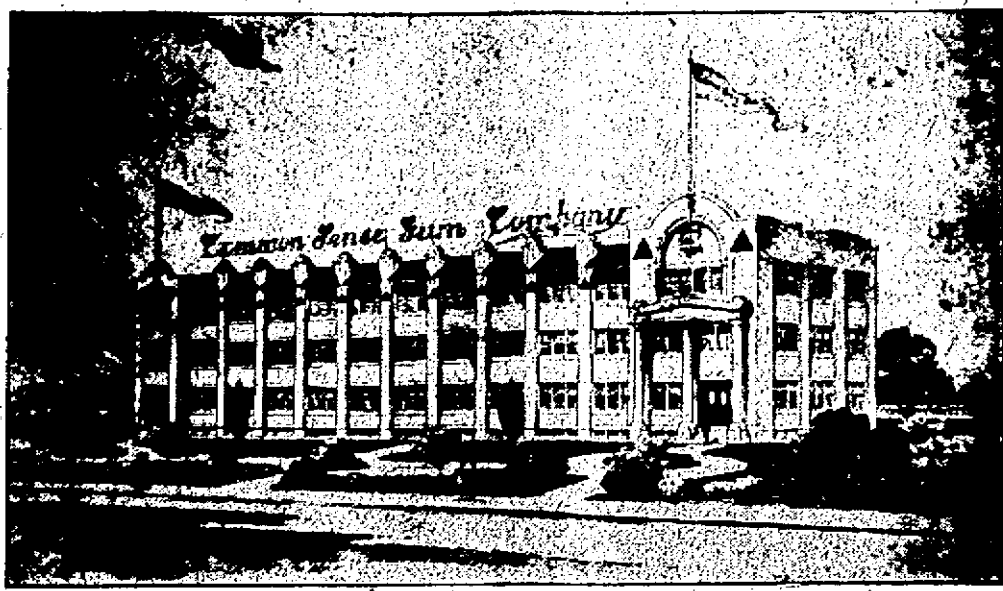
It was voted to request the representative council to appropriate \$25,000 additional for the new Mumford school, as it was found that this amount would be required to build the school in accordance with the specifications. Alderman Shepley was made a committee to look after repairs to the sidewalk in front of the French property on Thames street, and Alderman Anthony was made a committee regarding trees in front of the Harold Brown property on Bellevue avenue, and mud in front of George S. Scott's cottage on the same street.

The New London dance hall has extended to the navy department an assurance that blue jackets will be allowed to dance therein and therefore the vessels which have on board the midshipmen's training class will not be sent to Newport. It had been anticipated that they would make their headquarters here in view of the feeling that had been shown at New London, but evidently the people there repented in time.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Gwendolyn Whipple, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Whipple, to Assistant Paymaster William N. Hughes, U. S. N. The wedding will take place here in the autumn.

Rev. Dr. Lee, accompanied by Mrs. Lee and Dr. Henry N. Jeter, left last evening for his home in Washington, D. C.

Rev. J. Eldred Brown, of Norwich, Conn., is visiting in this city.



The Proposed Common Sense Gum Factory.

The above illustration was made from the architect's drawing of the proposed new chewing gum factory to be located at Newport. Plans are drawn call for a factory 200 by 50 feet, but there is provision for a 200 foot addition. It will employ between 300 and 400 persons and the pay roll will be about \$75,000. It will be a modern factory in every respect.

Fish Scarce, Lobsters Plenty.

There is a very noticeable scarcity of fish this season in all the region near Narragansett Bay. Blue fish have not yet made their appearance in any quantity, although a few scattered specimens have been caught in traps at Block Island. Squid are scarce and so wary that they will not take a hook, and only a very few have been caught in the traps. Mackerel are beginning to come in and many of them are in fine condition, but the quantity thus far is not very large.

On the other hand lobsters are more plentiful than they have been for many years. At Block Island the supply is so great that lobster fishermen are holding their catch in lobster cars while hoping for a better market. The price is lower than it has been for some time and with the plentiful supply on hand there is no reason to expect it to go higher. The increase in the number of lobsters is due entirely to the efforts of the State to protect and propagate them. The law regarding short lobsters is being strictly enforced in all the waters, and in addition the State fish hatchery has placed many young lobsters in the fishing grounds. There are few offenders against the lobster law now, as most of the fishermen see the benefit to be derived from it and realize that it is really for their own benefit. Nevertheless the inspectors are constantly on the alert and their efforts are a further deterrent to infractions of the law.

Bids have been opened at the Naval Pay Office in this city for furnishing tools and equipment for the new torpedo factory at the Torpedo Station. The amount of money available for tools alone is \$40,000 and it is expected that the factory will be very fully equipped but it cannot apparently be put into operation for some time yet.

At the annual meeting of the park commission, on Tuesday, William Shepley was re-elected chairman and Henry F. Eldridge secretary. The commission will communicate with the State authorities to see if Newport can have the use of some of the money appropriated for the extermination of the tussock moth and elm leaf beetle.

The second annual encampment of the Department of Rhode Island, United Spanish War Veterans, was held in the Grand Army Hall last Saturday afternoon. William McKay, of Camp Thomas, was elected department commander; Nicholas F. Kane, inspector; William G. Cascard, department chaplain.

The Second Ward Republican Club will observe the 14th anniversary on August 26, and at the same time open the campaign for the Presidential and State elections this fall. This organization is a thoroughly alive, straight Republican organization.

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt arrived in Newport the past week, coming from New York in his private car Wayfarer. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt.

Mr. Thomas F. O'Neill of New York, but formerly of this city, who has been spending his vacation with his relatives here, returned home Thursday evening.

Mrs. E. G. Randall, of Washington, D. C., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Palmer, on Church street.

The First Methodist Episcopal Church and Sunday School held their annual picnic at Wickford on Thursday.

Sheriff James Anthony was in Providence the past week.

Concert in Opera House.

A small audience heard an excellent concert in the Opera House Monday evening, given for the benefit of the Shiloh Baptist Church. The first number on the program was a trio for violin, cello and piano by Messrs. J. Frank McCloskey, Walter Jeter and H. L. Jeter, followed by Mr. Joseph Badollet, who rendered a pleasing cornet solo. Mr. Alfred G. Langley played a number of piano selections and Mr. Augustus Hazard Swan sang Gounod's "O Divine Redeemer," with a violin and cello obligato by Messrs. Walter and H. Leonard Jeter. Mr. Walter Jeter rendered a violin solo in a most artistic manner, and each number called forth much applause. Miss Florence Carley and Miss Marian Dowling were the accompanists of the evening. The Jenkins Orphan Band played outside the Opera House before the concert and rendered several plantation melodies during the evening.

Addresses were made during the evening by Rev. Stanley G. Hughes, pastor of Trinity church, and Rev. George Washington Lee, D. D., of Washington, their subject being "Music in Heaven and in Earth." Dr. Jeter made a short address during the evening.

Not Coming.

The Prince of Wales says he is sorry and sends his regrets but is obliged to return home immediately and therefore cannot come to Newport. He says in his message: "I deeply regret that the limited time at my disposal makes it impossible for me to pay a visit to the United States. I have received many very kind invitations, especially one from the residents of Newport. If it rested with me I should go to the United States immediately upon leaving Quebec."

However, my prompt return to England is necessary, and I must leave with my own wishes unfulfilled. I have a great admiration for the people of the United States and I am glad that they were so ably represented during the celebration at Quebec."

Davis Division, Uniform Rank, K. of P., of this city will go to Boston Tuesday next to join in the great Pythian parade that will take place there that day. The Uniform Rank from all over the United States will be present. The procession will consist of some 25,000 uniformed men. The next day there will be a parade of the members of the order and it is expected that many members of Redwood Lodge of this city will be in the line. The occasion is the meeting of the Supreme Lodge of the order which is held in Boston next week.

The annual clambake of the Middletown M. E. Church will be given at the Bryer Farm on Wednesday, Aug. 19th, if pleasant. If the weather should prove stormy, the bake will take place the next day. The bake will open at 1 p. m., the tickets being 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children. Tea, coffee, ice cream, cake and fancy articles will be on sale on the grounds by the Ladies' Aid Society of the church.

Miss Ethel Tozier, formerly of this city, but now of Washington, is visiting Miss Cora Broadman Lake. Miss Tozier recently graduated from the Washington Conservatory of Music with high honors. She will go to Germany shortly to complete her studies.

Mr. Richard T. Wilson, who is spending the summer with his daughter, Mrs. Ogden Goetz, at "Ochse Court," was able to drive out the past week.

Recent Deaths.

William P. Denman.

Mr. William P. Denman, who was a few months ago placed on the retired list of the Newport police force after many years of efficient service, died very suddenly at his home on Calvert street at an early hour Wednesday morning. He had been apparently in his usual rugged health up to the time of his death and had been on the street the evening before. Those who had met and conversed with him could hardly believe that death had claimed him so suddenly.

Since his retirement from the force Mr. Denman had lived quietly at home. He had looked forward to a period of ease in his declining years, having been an indefatigable worker all his life. Being assured of sufficient income to meet all his requirements, he had made his plans for the enjoyment of a quiet home life, but was stricken down before he had had an opportunity to enjoy the rewards of his busy years.

Mr. Denman was a native Newporter, having been born here in 1848. Like many another man of that period he early decided to become a sailor and was for several years a seaman on a bark plying between New York and Liverpool. When the war broke out he was one of the first to respond to the call for volunteers and went out as a member of Company F of the First Rhode Island. He afterward served three years in the Fourth Rhode Island, and re-enlisted when his term of service had expired. He saw active service in the army, being engaged in a number of serious battles, and suffering several wounds. Near the close of the war he was transferred to the navy and also saw active service there. He received an honorable discharge at the close of the great conflict in 1865.

Mr. Denman's connection with the Newport police force began in 1898, when he was appointed a special officer, but he became engaged in piloting and fishing and resigned from the force. He was elected a police officer in 1872 and from that time until he retired last December he was regarded as one of the most competent men in the department. He had to his credit the capture of many important criminals and he was so zealous in the performance of his duty that fewer offenders against the law regarded him with much apprehension. He held the office of superintendent of hacks from 1885 until his retirement, but his duties were by no means confined to the overseeing of the hackmen. He had been messenger of the common council and its successor, the representative council, since 1872.

Mr. Denman took an active interest in several fraternal organizations, being a member of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M., Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., of Lawton-Watrous Post, No. 5, G. A. R., and of Company F Association.

Funeral services will be held on Sunday and the remains will be escorted to the grave by St. Paul's Lodge and Washington Commandery, the Masonic ritual being conducted by the officers of the lodge.

He is survived by a widow and two daughters, Mrs. Henry H. Greene and Mrs. C. Elmer Clarke.

Addison Thomas.

After a long continued struggle against the ravages of a disease which he fully realized must result in his death, Colonel Addison Thomas passed away at his home on Rhode Island avenue on Tuesday. His death had been expected for some time but nevertheless it came as a severe blow to his host of friends in Newport.

Addison Thomas was a son of General John Addison Thomas, U. S. A., and was born at West Point, N. Y., while his father was commandant of the United States Military Academy there. He decided to adopt the law as his profession and was graduated from the Harvard Law School. He practiced law in New York for a time and in 1888 removed to Newport to make his permanent home here, erecting an attractive residence on Rhode Island avenue.

Colonel Thomas took an active interest in military affairs. While in New York he was a member of the famous Seventh Regiment, and was subsequently a major on the staff of the New Jersey militia. After coming to Newport he joined the Newport Artillery and was elected colonel of that organization in 1901, serving for three terms. He continued to keep a deep interest in the affairs of that organization and was held in the highest esteem by the members.

He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., of Newport; of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, of which he was the president; of the Newport Reading Room, of which he was a governor; of the Metropolitan Club of Washington, Metropolitan of New York, Army & Navy, and New York Yacht Club.

He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Abby Cox, daughter of Rev. Samuel Houston Cox, D. D. He also leaves a son by a former wife, Mr. Houston A. Thomas of Boston, and a brother and sister, both of whom are at present in Europe.

Colonel Thomas took a deep interest in all that pertained to Newport, and had a host of friends. He was of a very genial, companionable nature but was a man of firm convictions and of strict integrity. He was connected with many of the most prominent families of the United States and was a descendant of patriots who did distinguished service in the War of the Revolution.

Funeral services were held at his late residence on Rhode Island avenue on Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock, and were attended by a large number of persons. Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., officiated and read the ritual of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The bearers were Thomas P. Peckham, William Champlin, Frow H. Garrison, George C. Lawton, Robert Curry and John P. Sanborn, all Past Masters of St. John's or St. Paul's Lodges. Messrs. Peckham and Sanborn also represented the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, of which Colonel Thomas was the president.

Mrs. Edward Otto.

Mrs. Mary M. Otto, wife of Mr. Edward Otto, died at her home on Cannon street last Saturday evening after a long illness. She was a native of Newport, where she had spent her entire life. She had a host of friends, who had become deeply attached to her, as she was a woman of a most pleasant and lovable nature, and was always ready to help those less fortunate in life than herself.

Mrs. Otto was a daughter of the late William B. and Sally Lawton. She leaves two brothers and three sisters: Messrs. George Lawton of this city and Henry Lawton of Providence, and Mrs. William C. Peckham and Mrs. Rebecca Rose of this city and Mrs. A. G. Gladding of Providence. Besides her husband, a son, Mr. Edwin Otto, of New York survives her.

Funeral services were held from her late residence on Cannon street, Wednesday afternoon, the house being filled with relatives and friends. Rev. James Austin Richards, of the United Congregational Church, officiated. There was a wealth of beautiful floral offerings. The interment was in the family plot in the Old Cemetery. The bearers were Messrs. Henry J. Haas, Maurice Butler, Peter Farber, Simon Kosehny, Robert Frame and William Jurgens.

Mrs. Pryce K. Jones.

Mrs. Emma, widow of Mr. Pryce K. Jones, died at her home on Prospect Hill street on Saturday last, in her sixty-second year. She had a host of friends in this city and was well liked by all who knew her. Her husband, who died some years ago, was steward at the Casino for many years. One daughter survives her: Mrs. Augustus C. Farber.

Funeral services took place from Emmanuel Church, Tuesday afternoon, and were largely attended, among the number being the members of Emma Rebekah Lodge, of which the deceased was a prominent member, and also its founder, it having been named for her. Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., officiated and during the service read Tennyson's poem, "Crossing the Bar." The choir of the church sang, "Abide With Me" and "Nearer My God, to Thee."

Carl Voigt.

Mr. Carl Voigt died at the residence of his son, Mr. Ernst Voigt, on Thames street, Tuesday afternoon, in the eighty-third year of his age. His death,

despite his advanced years, came as a surprise to his friends, many of whom had not learned of his illness, which had been of short duration. He was on an extended visit to his son and had a wide circle of friends in Newport. This was his fourth trip from Germany and he enjoyed it as much as his first visit. He leaves two sons and three daughters in Germany.

Middletown.

Memorial to the late Rev. Henry Morgan Stone.

An ideal service was that held on Sunday afternoon at the Parish House of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel in Middletown, in dedication of a memorial, placed there through the regard of the friends of the late Henry Morgan Stone, who was stationed at the Chapel from 1894 to 1899 as lay reader, and ordained while there to the deaconate and priesthood. Simple and yet of great dignity were the services, like the life of the young clergyman whom they honored. Rev. John B. Diman, a personal friend of Mr. Stone, was the officiating clergyman, and the organist of the Berkeley Chapel, Edward Parry Lake, conducted the musical portions of the service. The exercises were wholly of a memorial nature and consisted of numerous appropriate collects, and prayers, including the beautiful "Gladstone Prayer," portions of Holy Scripture, and an impressive address by Mr. Diman, in which he referred to the unusual spiritual influence exerted by Mr. Stone upon all with whom he came in contact. He spoke most feelingly of the intimate relations he had sustained among his parishioners and of his intense desire that all should come to know of Christ and his redemption.

That this memorial should be placed in the men's reading room seemed most fitting, for had he lived the "Men's Club" would have been among his special interests. The musical portion of the service consisted of one of Mr. Stone's favorite hymns, "Our Blessed Redeemer," the solo, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," by Mrs. E. Marian Perry Graham, of Boston, which was sung at the funeral of our late President, William McKinley, and the memorial hymn, "For all the Saints who from their Labors Rest." It was somewhat interesting to note that Mr. Lake was the organist during the period of Mr. Stone's stay in Middletown, he having returned to the chapel this year after an absence of six years; the soloist was a young girl of the parish at that time; also the gathering represented the more intimate friends of Mr. Stone, both in Middletown and Newport, so that the presence of these various ones, portrayed as nothing else could have done the deep regard in which Mr. Stone was held on the island. The memorial is about two by three and a half feet and is framed in the Parish House, in Old Mission style. It has been placed upon the south wall of the Men's Reading Room, itself a memorial to the late Mr. Samuel Green Arnold, and is perpetually secured to the wall. It consists of two sections separated by a narrow bar of the Mission wood.

The upper and larger portion contains a striking likeness of the young clergyman seated in a large chair, with an open book in his hand; beneath this is his own signature, "Henry Morgan Stone."

The lower section contains the illuminated verse from Whittier's poem, "The Eternal Goodness":

"O friend,
With whom our feet have trod,
The quiet aisles of prayer
Glad witness to your rest for God.
A love of man we bear."

This is a beautiful piece of work done in pale blue water-color, symbolical of the intellectual, and outlined in gold, typical of the spiritual.

The initial letters are seen showing through a long cluster of Easter lilies which represent the pure, beautiful life of this priest of God, also the period of his translation, Easter-tide.

The artistic lettering together with the mounting and framing is the product of out of town artists. Mrs. Frank Jan Delle Greene and Mr. Edwin A. Caviness, of Battle Creek, Michigan, while the portrait and signature were the work of Mr. Irving A. Corey, of Middletown.

The floral effect was in keeping with the spirit of the service; Easter lilies on the Men's Reading Room table, and white and lilac-tinted delphiniums, and trailing vines, in the guild room.

The memorial, which was shown for several days at the artist's studio in Battle Creek, previous to its departure for Middletown, elicited many expressions of sympathy and interest that one so young and so gifted should be thus early removed from earth life.

G. Winthrop Sands was killed in a frightful automobile accident at 7 o'clock Wednesday morning, just outside the grounds of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's beautiful country seat, the Chateau St. Louis de Potery, 20 miles from Paris. Mr. Sands and his chauffeur were riding at a good rate of speed when the machine swerved from the road and struck a tree with terrific force. Mr. Sands, whose injuries were very serious and who was terribly burned, lived only a short time. The chauffeur was badly hurt, but may survive. Mr. Sands is a son of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt by her first husband and was completely overcome when the torn and burned body was brought to her home.

Judge James G. Topham, Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Topham and Miss Elizabeth S. Champlin of this city and Mr. and Mrs. George W. Campbell of Boston leave to-day for Auburn, N. H., on Lake Massabesic, where they will spend the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Damon Lyon are stopping in Newport for a vacation.

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles"

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Chapter VII

"THE KING IS DEAD; LONG LIVE THE KING!"



JOHN ARMITAGE lingered in New York for a week, not to press the Clalborne too closely, then went to Washington. He wrote himself down on the register of the New American as John Armitage, Clalborne Tight, Mont., and took a suite of rooms high up, with an outlook that swept Pennsylvania avenue.

It was on the evening of a bright April day, that he thus established himself, and after he had unpacked his belongings he stood long at the window and watched the lights leap out of the dusk over the city. He was in Washington because Shirley Clalborne lived there, and he knew that even if he wished to do so he could no longer throw an air of indifference into his meetings with her. He had been very lonely in those days when he first saw her abroad. The sight of her had lifted his mood of depression, and now, after those enchanted hours at sea, his coming to Washington had been inevitable.

Many things passed through his mind as he stood at the open window. His life, he felt, could never be again as it had been before, and he sighed deeply as he recalled his talk with the old Spanish minister at Geneva. Then he laughed quietly as he remembered Chauvenet and Pranzel and the dark house on the Boulevard Froissant, but the further recollection of the attack made on his life on the deck of the King Edward sobered him, and he turned away from the window impatiently. He had seen the sick second cabin passenger leave the steamer at New York, but had taken no trouble either to watch or to avoid him. Very likely the man was under instructions and had been told to follow the Clalborne home, and the thought of his identification with himself by his enemies angered him. Chauvenet was likely to appear in Washington at any time and would undoubtedly seek the Clalborne at once. The fact that the man was a second-rate might in some circumstances have afforded Armitage comfort, but here again Armitage's mood grew dark. Jules Chauvenet was undoubtedly a rascal of a shrewd and dangerous type, but who, pray, was John Armitage?

The bell in his entry rang, and he looked on the lights and opened the door.

"Well, I like this, setting yourself up here in gloomy splendor and never saying a word. You never deserved to have any friends, John Armitage!"

"Jim Sanderson, come in!" Armitage grasped the hands of a red bearded giant of forty.

"The possessor of a set of brown eyes and a big voice."

"It's my rural habit of reading the register every night in search of constituents that brings me here. They would guess you were in, so I just came up to see whether you were opening a poker game or had come to smash a claim past the watching of the treasury."

The caller threw himself into a chair and rolled a fat, unlighted cigar about his mouth. "You're a peach, all right, and an effectively hale and handsome as ever." When are you going to the ranch?"

"Well, not just immediately. I want to sample the despatches for a day or two."

"You're getting soft; that's what the matter with you. You're afraid of the upping sephers on the Montana range. Well, I'll admit that it's rather more diverting here."

"There is no debating that, senator. How do you like being a statesman? It was so sudden and all that. I read an awful roast of you in an English paper. They took your election to the senate as another evidence of the complete domination of our politics by the plutocrats."

Sanderson winked prodigiously.

"The papers have rather skinned me; but, on the whole, I'll do very well. They say it isn't respectable to be a senator these days, but they oughtn't to hold it up against a man that he's rich. If the Lord put silver in the mountains of Montana and let me dig it out, it's nothing against me, is it?"

"Decidedly not! And if you want to invest it in a senatorship it's the Lord's hand again."

"Why, sure! And the senator from Montana winked once more. "But it's expensive. I've got to be elected again next winter—I'm only dillying out Billings term—and I'm not sure I can go up against it."

"But you are nothing if not unselfish. If the good of the country demands it you'll not flinch, if I know you."

"There's hot water here in this hotel, so please turn off the hot air. I saw your forecast in Helena the last time I was out there, and he was sober. I mention the fact, knowing that I'm jeopardizing my reputation for veracity, but it's the Lord's truth. Of course you expect Christmas at the old home in England, one of those yuletide joys when getting Christmas you need of a drink. The Clalborne."

"The Clalborne? What do you mean?"

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"The Clalborne? What do you mean?"

English! I've told you a dozen times that I'm not English."

"So you did, so you did! I'd forgotten that you're so sensitive about it," and Sanderson's eyes regarded Armitage intently for a moment, as though he were trying to recall some previous discussion of the young man's nativity.

"I offer you free swing at the bar, senator. May I summon a Montana cocktail? You taught me the ingredients once—three dashes orange bitters, two dashes arid phosphate, half a jigger of whiskey and half a jigger of Italian vermouth. You undermined the constitutions of half Montana with that mess."

Sanderson reached for his hat with sudden dejection.

"The sprinkling cart for me! I've got a nerve specialist engaged by the year to keep me out of sanitariums. See here, I want you to go with us tonight to the secretary of state's push. Not many of the Montana boys get this far from home, and I want you for exhibition purposes. Say, John, when I saw 'Clalborne Tight, Montana,' written on the register down there it increased my curiosity seven beats! You're all right, and I guess you're about as good an American as they make—anywhere—John Armitage!"

The function for which the senator from Montana provided an invitation for Armitage, was a large affair in honor of several new ambassadors. At 10 o'clock Senator Sanderson was introduced Armitage right and left as one of his representative constituents. Armitage and he owned adjoining ranches in Montana, and Sanderson called upon his neighbor to stand up boldly for their state before the minions of effete monarchies.

Mrs. Sanderson had asked Armitage to return to her for a little Montana talk, as she put it, after the first rush of their entrance was over, and as he waited in the drawing room for an opportunity of speaking to her he chatted with Pranzel, an attaché of the Austrian embassy, to whom Sanderson had introduced him. Pranzel was a gloomy young man with a monocle, and he was waiting for a particular girl, who happened to be the daughter of the Spanish ambassador. And, this being his object, he had chosen his position with care, near the door of the drawing room, and Armitage shared for the moment the advantage that lay in the Austrian's point of view. Armitage had half expected that the Clalborne would be present at a function as comprehensive of the higher official world as this, and he intended asking Mrs. Sanderson if she knew them as soon as opportunity offered. The Austrian attaché proved tiresome, and Armitage was about to drop him, when suddenly he caught sight of Shirley Clalborne at the far end of the broad hall. Her head was turned partly toward him. He saw her for an instant through the throng. Then his eyes fell upon Chauvenet at her side, talking with liveliest animation. He was not more than her own height, and his profile presented the clean, sharp effect of a cameo. The vivid outline of his dark face held Armitage's eyes. Then as Shirley passed on through an opening in the crowd her escort turned, holding the way open for her, and Armitage met the man's gaze.

It was with an accented gravity that Armitage nodded his head to some declaration of the melancholy attitude at this moment. He had known when he left Geneva that he had not done with Jules Chauvenet, but the man's prompt appearance surprised Armitage. He ran over the names of the stammers by which Chauvenet might easily have called from either a German or a French port and reached Washington quite as soon as himself. Chauvenet was in Washington, at any rate, and not only there, but socially accepted and in the good graces of Shirley Clalborne.

The somber attaché was speaking of the Japanese.

"They must be crushed—crushed," said Pranzel. The two had been conversing in French.

"Yes, he must be crushed," returned Armitage absently, in English; then, remembering himself, he repeated the affirmation in French, changing the pronoun.

Mrs. Sanderson was now free. She was a pretty, vivacious woman, much younger than her stalwart husband—a college graduate whom he had found teaching school near one of his silver mines.

"Welcome once more, constituent! We're proud to see you, I can tell you. Our host owns some marvelous tapestries, and they're hung out tonight for the world to see." She guided Armitage toward the secretary's gallery on an upper floor. Their host was almost as famous as a connoisseur as for his achievements in diplomacy, and the gallery was a large apartment in which every article of furniture, as well as the paintings, tapestries and specimens of pottery, was the careful choice of a thoroughly cultivated taste.

"It isn't merely an art gallery. It's the most beautiful room in America," murmured Mrs. Sanderson.

"I can well believe it. There's my favorite Vibert—I wondered what had become of it."

"It isn't surprising that the secretary is making a great reputation by his dealings with foreign powers. It's a poor ambassador who could not be persuaded after an hour in this splendid room. The ordinary affairs of life should not be mentioned here. A king's coronation would not be out of place in fact, there's a chair in the corner against that Gobelin that would serve the situation. The old gentleman by that cabinet is the Baron von Marhof, the ambassador from Austria."

"That's a beautiful thing," said Armitage, looking at the chair.

"I don't remember that you gave me a chance, but I'll say now that I intend to know them better."

"She looks like a girl to the drawing room. As they went down through the house they found that the ambassador of the Emperor Johann Wilhelm had sent a call upon the company. All the members of the

"The ambassador grew very white."

diplomatic corps had withdrawn at once as a mark of respect and sympathy for Baron von Marhof, and at midnight the ballroom held all of the company that remained. Armitage had not sought Shirley again. He found a room that had been set apart for smokers, threw himself into a chair, lighted a cigar and stared at a picture that had no interest for him whatever. He put down his cigar after a few whiffs, and his hand went to the pocket in which he had usually carried his cigarette case.

"Ah, Mr. Armitage, may I offer you a cigarette?"

He turned to find Chauvenet close at his side. He had not heard the man enter, but Chauvenet had been in his thoughts, and he started slightly at finding him so near. Chauvenet held in his white gloved hand a gold cigarette case, which he opened with a deliberate care that displayed its embellished side. The smooth golden surface gleamed in the light, the helmet in blue and the white falcon shaded in Armitage's eyes. The meeting was clearly by intention, and a slight smile played about Chauvenet's lips in his enjoyment of the situation. Armitage smiled up at him in amiable acknowledgment of his courtesy and rose.

"You are very considerate, monsieur. I was just at the moment regretting our distinguished host's oversight in providing cigars alone. Allow me!"

He bent forward, took the outstretched open case into his own hands, removed a cigarette, snapped the case shut and thrust it into his trousers pocket—all as it seemed, at a single stroke.

Count von Strassel, who was murdered so horribly in a railway carriage a few weeks ago."

"Ah, to be sure! I haven't seen the baron in years. He has changed little."

"Then you knew him—in the old country?"

"Yes; I used to see him—when I was a boy," rejoined Armitage.

Mrs. Sanderson glanced at Armitage sharply. She had dined at his ranch house in Montana and knew that he lived like a gentleman; that his house, its appointments and service were unusual for a western ranchman. And she recalled, too, that she and her husband had often speculated as to Armitage's antecedents and history without arriving at any conclusion in regard to him.

The room had slowly filled, and they strolled about, dividing attention between distinguished personages and the not less celebrated works of art.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Armitage, there's the girl I have chosen for you to marry. I suppose it would be just as well for you to meet her now, though that dark little foreigner seems to be monopolizing her."

"I am wholly agreeable," laughed Armitage. "The sooner the better and he done with it."

"Don't be so frivolous. There, you can look safely now. She's stopped to speak to that bald and pink justice of the supreme court—the girl with the brown eyes and hair. Have a care!"

Shirley and Chauvenet left the venerable justice, and Mrs. Sanderson intercepted them at once.

"To think of all these beautiful things in our own America!" exclaimed Shirley. "And you, Mr. Armitage—"

"Among the other curios, Miss Clalborne," laughed John, taking her hand.

"But I haven't introduced you yet," began Mrs. Sanderson, pensive.

"No; the King Edward did that. We crossed together. Oh, M. Chauvenet, let me present Mr. Armitage," said Shirley, seeing that the man had not spoken.

The attention amused Armitage, and he smiled rather more broadly than was necessary in expressing his pleasure at meeting M. Chauvenet. They regarded each other with the swift intensity of men who are used to the sharp exercise of their eyes, and when Armitage turned toward Shirley and Mrs. Sanderson he was aware that Chauvenet continued to regard him with fixed gaze.

"Miss Clalborne is a wonderful sailer. The Atlantic is a little tumultuous at times in the spring, but she reported to the captain every day."

"Miss Clalborne is nothing if not extraordinary," rejoined Mrs. Sanderson with frank admiration.

"The word seems to have been coined for her," said Chauvenet, his white teeth showing under his thin black mustache.

"And still leaves the language distinguished chiefly for its poverty," added Armitage, and the men bowed to Shirley and then to Mrs. Sanderson, and again to each other. It was like a rehearsal of some trifling comedy.

"How charming!" laughed Mrs. Sanderson. "And this lovely room is just the place for it."

They were still talking together as Pranzel, with whom Armitage had spoken before, entered hurriedly. He held a crumpled note, whose contents it seemed had shaken him out of his habitual melancholy composure.

"Is Baron von Marhof in the room?" he asked of Armitage, fumbling nervously at his monocle.

The Austrian ambassador, with several ladies and led by Senator Sanderson, was approaching.

The attaché hurried to his chief and addressed him in a low tone. The ambassador stopped, grew very white and stared at the messenger for a moment in blank unbelief.

The young man now repeated in English, in a tone that could be heard in all parts of the hushed room:

"His majesty the Emperor Johann Wilhelm died suddenly tonight in Vienna," he said and gave his arm to his chief.

It was a strange place for the delivery of such a message, and the strange sense of it was intensified by Shirley by the curious glance that passed between John Armitage and Jules Chauvenet. Shirley remembered afterward that as the attaché's words rang out in the room Armitage started, clenched his hands and caught his breath in a manner very uncommon in men unless they are greatly moved. The ambassador walked directly from the room with bowed head, and every one waited in silent sympathy until he had gone.

The word passed swiftly through the great house, and through the open windows the servants were heard crying loudly for Baron von Marhof's carriage in the court below.

"The king is dead, long live the king!" murmured Shirley.

"Long live the king!" repeated Chauvenet and Mrs. Sanderson in unison. And then Armitage, as though mastering a phrase they were teaching him, raised his head and said, with an unctuous that surprised them: "Long live the emperor and king! God save Austria!"

Then he turned to Shirley with a smile.

"It is very pleasant to see you on your own ground. I hope your family are well."

"Thank you; yes. My father and mother are here somewhere."

"And Captain Clalborne?"

"He's probably sitting up all night to defend Fort Myer from the crafts and assaults of the enemy. I hope you will come to see us, Mr. Armitage."

"Thank you. You are very kind," he said gravely. "I shall certainly give myself the pleasure very soon."

As Shirley passed on with Chauvenet Mrs. Sanderson launched upon the girl's praises, but she found him suddenly preoccupied.

"The girl has gone to your head. Why didn't you tell me you knew the Clalborne?"



The ambassador grew very white.

diplomatic corps had withdrawn at once as a mark of respect and sympathy for Baron von Marhof, and at midnight the ballroom held all of the company that remained. Armitage had not sought Shirley again. He found a room that had been set apart for smokers, threw himself into a chair, lighted a cigar and stared at a picture that had no interest for him whatever. He put down his cigar after a few whiffs, and his hand went to the pocket in which he had usually carried his cigarette case.

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"My dear sir," began Chauvenet, white with rage.

"My dear M. Chauvenet," said Armitage, striking a match. "I am indebted to you for returning a bracelet that I value highly."

The flame crept half the length of the stick while they regarded each other. Then Armitage raised it to the tip of his cigarette, lifted his head and blew a cloud of smoke.

"Are you all to prove your property, Mr. Armitage?" demanded Chauvenet furiously.

"My dear sir, they have a saying in this country that possession is nine points of the law. You had it—now I have it—wherefore it must be mine!"

He turned to find Chauvenet close at his side.

Chauvenet's right arm suddenly relaxed. He leaned against a chair with a return of his habitual melancholy air and waved his hand carelessly.

"Between gentlemen—so small a matter!"

"To be sure, the most trifling," laughed Armitage with entire good humor. "And where a gentleman has the predatory habits of a burglar and housebreaker—"

"Then lesser affairs, such as picking up trinkets—"

"Come naturally, quite so!" And Chauvenet twisted his mustache with an air of immense satisfaction.

"But the genial art of assassination—there's a business that requires a calculating hand, my dear M. Chauvenet."

Chauvenet's hand went again to his lip.

"To be sure!" he ejaculated, with a gasp.

"But alone—one can do little. For larger operations one requires, I should say, courageous associates. Now, in my affairs, would you believe me, I am obliged to manage quite alone."

"How melancholy!" exclaimed Chauvenet.

"It is, indeed, very sad!" and Armitage sighed, tossed his cigarette into the smoldering grate and bade Chauvenet a ceremonious good night.

"Ah, we shall meet again, I dare say!"

"The thought does credit to a generous nature," responded Armitage and passed out into the house.

Chapter IX

"THIS IS AMERICA, MR. ARMITAGE!"

PRING, planting green and gold banners on old Virginia battlefields, crossed the Potomac and occupied Washington.

Shirley Clalborne stood on her knees and bade both to

great the conqueror. The afternoon was keen and sunny, and she had turned impatiently from a tea to which she was committed to meet the open. The call of the outdoor gods sang in her blood. Daffodils and crocuses lifted yellow flames and ruddy torches from every dooryard. She had plucked a spray of arbutus to the lapel of her tan riding coat. It spoke to her of the blue horizons of the Virginia hills. The young buds in the maples hovered like a mist in the treetops. Towering over all, the incomparable gray obelisk climbed to the blue arch and brought it nearer earth. Washington, the center of man's hope, is also in spring the capital of the land of heart's desire.

With a groom trailing after her, Shirley rode toward Rock creek—that rippling, murmuring, singing trifle of water that leaps day and night at the margin of the beautiful city, as though politics and statesmanship were the hugest joke in the world. The flag on the Austro-Hungarian embassy hung at half mast and symbols of mourning fluttered from the entire front of the house. Shirley lifted her eyes gravely as she passed. Her thoughts drew at once to the scene at the house of the secretary of state a week before, when Baron von Marhof had learned of the death of his sovereign, and by association she thought, too, of Armitage and of his look and voice as he said:

"Long live the emperor and king! God save Austria!"

Emperors and kings! They were as impossible today as a snowstorm. The grave ambassadors as they appeared at great Washington functions, wearing their decorations, always struck her as being particularly distinguished. It just now occurred to her that they were all linked to the crown and scepter, but she dismissed the whole matter and bowed to two dark ladies in a passing victoria with the quick little and bright smile that were the same for these titled members of the Spanish ambassador's household as for the young daughters of a western senator, who democratically waved their hands to her from a doortop.

Armitage came again to her mind. He had called at the Clalborne house twice since the secretary's fall, and she had been surprised to find how fully she accepted him as an American now that he was on his own soil. He derived, too, a certain stability from the fact that the Sandersons knew him; he was, indeed, an entirely different person since the Montana senator definitely connected him with an American landscape. She had kept her own counsel, teaching the scene as the dark deck of the King Edward, but it was not a thing lightly to be forgotten. She was half angry with herself this morning for allowing her thoughts to dwell on the knife thrust in her mind and quickening her sympathy for a man of whom she knew so little, and she touched her horse impatiently with the crop and rode into the park at a gallop that roused the groom to attention.

At a bend of the broad Clalborne and Pranzel, the attaché, swung into view, mounted, and as they met Chauvenet turned his horse and rode beside her.

"Ah, these American airs! This spring! Is it not good to be alive, Miss Clalborne?"

"It is all of that!" she replied. It seemed to her that the day had not needed Chauvenet's praise.

"I had hoped to see you later at the Wallingford tea," he continued.

"No time for me on a day like this! The thought of being indoors is tragic!"

She wished that he would leave her, for she had ridden out into the spring sunshine to be alone. He somehow did not appear to advantage in his riding coat—his belongings were too perfect. She had really enjoyed his talk when they had met here and there abroad, but she was in no mood for him now, and she wondered what he had lost by the transfer to America. He ran on airily in French, speaking of the rush of great and small social affairs that marked the end of the season.

"Poor Pranzel is indeed triste. He is taking the death of Johann Wilhelm quite hard." But here in America the death of an emperor seems less important. A king or a peasant, what does it matter?"

"Better sit the robs in your bed-ding chestnut tree, monsieur. This is not an hour for hard questions!"

"Ah, you are very cruel! You drive me back to poor, melancholy Pranzel, who is indeed a funeral in himself."

"That is very sad, monsieur, and she smiled at him with mischief in her eyes. "My heart goes out to any one who is left to mourn—alone."

He gathered his reins and drew up his horse, lifting his hat with a perfect gesture.

"There are sadder blows than losing one's sovereign, mademoiselle!" and he shook his bare head mournfully and rode back to find his friend.

She sought now her favorite bridle paths, and her heart was light with the sweetness and peace of the spring as she heard the rush and splash of the creek, saw the dash of wings and felt the mystery of awakened life throbbing about her. The heart of a girl in spring is the home of dreams, and Shirley's heart overflooded with them until her pulse thrilled and sang in quickening cadences.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Artistic Poison.

Passing by other drugs, each of which has its own way of making people crazy, we come to what may be truly termed the artistic poison. This is, says Dr. William H. Thomson in Everybody's Magazine, the mescal button, which grows on a low cactus in the valley of the Rio Grande and fortunately is scarce and hard to get. Chewing this button causes the most gorgeously colored scenes to appear before the entranced vision, far surpassing, according to descriptions, the most magnificent sunsets. It would seem to be the drug for landscape painters, but unfortunately, whatever other things drugs do, they never increase efficiency. It was first discovered among the Kiowa tribe of Indians, who used it in their religious rites (illuminations) induced the government to remove the Indians from where they could get it.

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Saturday, August 1, 1908.

This is believed to be the first campaign in which the insurance companies have written policies against the election of the Democratic ticket.

In Japan's budget for 1907-8 the provision for debt and interest is nearly twice as large as the total Japanese expenditure of 1895-6. If Mr. Hobson would acquaint himself with the practical facts he would be able to restrain his imagination.

The Census Bureau reports that there are in the United States 20,000,000 horses and 4,000,000 mules, the highest number yet returned. Add the steam and trolley cars, boats, automobiles and ships, and the American passion for getting around appears to be in a hopeful way.

James DeWitt Andrews, former professor of law at Northwestern University and a close friend of the President, Judge Landis and Judge Granger, says: "The criticism of the Court of Appeals by the President finds no parallel since Jefferson's and Jackson's criticisms of John Marshall."

Employees of the New York Central Railroad will organize an association to oppose the candidacy of Bryan. The Union Pacific has a similar organization in Nebraska, which includes 16,000 out of 22,000 employees of railroads in that state. This movement will soon be universal all over the United States. Bryan's show for election will grow considerably less as time goes on.

Candidate Taft made his speech of acceptance last Tuesday and all though he lauded his former boss, President Roosevelt, in the highest terms of flattery, his speech as a whole was well received. It was a very lengthy document, consisting of many thousand words, but it covered the ground pretty fairly and gave evidence that if elected, he be undoubtedly will be, William H. Taft will be a wise and judicious ruler. While he may and doubtless will to some extent carry out President Roosevelt's ideas and policies, he will do it in an entirely different manner. He will be more wise and discreet in his talk and more judicious in his actions. In other words, President Taft will be of the McKinley stamp rather than the Roosevelt order.

Gov. Higgins makes a very vigorous reply to an unjust criticism of the Fourth R. I. Veterans on his appointment of a Commission on the New-Guernsey, N. C., monument. The criticism was inspired by Col. Albert E. Sholes of Flushing, N. Y., and complains because Col. Bucklin of the Fourth R. I. was not appointed on the Commission. The resolution appropriating \$5000 for the monument was passed at the last session of the General Assembly, and the Governor was authorized to make the appointment. He appointed former Chief Justice William W. Douglas, representing the Fifth Rhode Island Regiment; Representative John Butterworth of Warwick and Gideon Spencer of Warwick, representing the General Assembly; Col. Philip S. Chase of Providence, representing Battery F, State Treasurer Walker A. Reed, representing the Fourth Rhode Island Regiment; ex-Governor Governor H. T. Hixon of Little Compton, formerly commanding the Fifth Rhode Island Regiment. Those who know the gentlemen named would say that no better selection could have been made.

The Providence Journal seems to be in the business of making up tickets for the use of the two parties in the State this fall. A few weeks ago it went out a list of candidates for the Republican party and now it is trying its hand in guiding the Democratic party. It seems, however, to meet with some obstacles in finding candidates that suit them that will win. They have sent forth a prayer for either Robert H. U. Goddard or Bathhouse Gardner for the Democratic candidate for Governor, but they are compelled to reluctantly admit that there is little likelihood of either of these gentlemen being willing to stand. Then they bring forward ex-Senator Horton of Woonsocket, who indignantly replies that all he wants is to be let alone. Their next hope seems to be Mayor McCarty of Providence, whom they think is much a vote getter in that city that he might spread all over the State. There is some doubt about the so-called Lincoln party being willing to swallow him. They would like to have Governor Higgins withdraw his "no," and try again, but he still persists in thinking that he knows his own business best and that it is for his interest to attend to his own private affairs after having devoted several years' labor to his party and the State. The Democratic leaders are wondering of the so-called, unnamed Lincoln party, whose members profess to be for Taft, will stick with the Democratic party on State issues. It would seem to make but little difference to the result whether they stick or not. That party has had their votes for two years and still the General Assembly has had a very substantial Republican majority in both branches. The result will fall probably be the same, whatever way the "Lincoln" party votes.

Don't Be Surprised.

The head of Mr. Bryan's literary bureau says: "A political revolution is at hand. All the signs point to a change of party control of the government in 1908." If there are any such signs that, per chance, ought to point them out. Mr. Bryan has not yet mentioned any of them, and he would be likely to see them if anybody could. And if he saw any of them he would quickly tell his countrymen about them.

One of the indications of a revolution in the Presidency comes in the Congressional elections two years ahead. This precursory symptom always comes. When the Republicans carried the House of Representatives in 1858 the victory of 1860 in the Presidency was foreshadowed. In 1874 the Democrats won the House of Representatives for the first time, since 1858, and the drop in the Republican vote for the Presidency two years later was so steep that Hayes obtained a majority of only one vote in the electoral college. The Republican setback in the Congressional campaign of 1892 prefigured the victory for Cleveland two years later, just as the cutting of the Democratic margin in the House close to the vanishing point in 1898 foretold the victory which Harrison won in 1898. The Republican reverse in the Congressional campaign of 1890 and the Democratic overthrow in a like campaign in 1894 prefigured a big defeat for the party in each case in the Presidential campaign two years later.

Nobody has detected any such symptoms of coming Republican disaster. In the Congressional campaign of 1906 the Republicans won a majority of fifty-eight in the House of Representatives. Over-confidence prevented them from making it larger, but it is large enough for practical purposes. Every Democrat, as well as every Republican, on reading the returns in November, 1906, saw that all the signs were favorable for another big Republican triumph in 1908. If there were any reason to suppose that the people were tired of Republican domination the evidence of it would have appeared in the Congressional campaign two years ago. Nothing of the sort came to hand. Neither Bryan nor any other sensible Democrat has any hope of Democratic success in 1908. In order to preserve the party organization a ticket had to be put up. The man at the head of the ticket, however, will not exhibit the faintest surprise when he learns, on the night of November 3, that the third battle turned out just as the first and the second battle did.

Expenses Grow.

Official figures prepared by the chief clerks of the Senate and House Committees on Appropriations show that the total expenditures authorized by Congress at the last session amounted to \$1,008,897,543.58. An interesting feature of the showing is that relating to the creation of offices. It appears that the new offices specifically authorized number 16,824, at an annual compensation of \$13,784,878, while the offices abolished number 6,142, at an annual compensation of \$4,678,389, a net increase of 10,682 in number and of \$9,086,287 in amount. Of this net increase in the number of places, 6,000 are under the head of seaman for the navy, 800 are additional officers and enlisted men for the marine corps, and 3,888 are additional clerks and other employees of the postal service throughout the country. The increase in salaries number apparently 129,928, at an annual cost of \$9,146,575. Of this number nearly 40 per cent. are credited to the navy and the marine corps, and comprise enlisted men as well as officers. According to the figures given, the appropriations for session lately closed, viz., the first session of the Sixty-ninth Congress, exceeded those for the last session of the Fifty-ninth Congress by \$97,899,899.

The national monetary commission, which has been holding meetings at Narragansett Pier, has adjourned to meet in Washington Nov. 10. A sub-committee appointed to study European conditions will sail for Europe on Aug. 4. Senator Aldrich in a statement says: "It is deemed of the utmost importance that steps be taken to secure a thorough examination of the monetary and banking systems of the leading commercial nations. Preparation for this work was entrusted to a sub-committee, consisting of Senators Aldrich, Hale, Knox and Daniel and Representatives Vreeland, Overstreet, Burton, and Paggett. It will also make a special examination of the Scotch, Canadian, Swedish, English, German and French systems, and the changes which have been adopted recently in Switzerland. It is the intention of the full commission to visit Canada at an early date for the purpose of making a special examination into the Canadian system."

Most of the railroads doing business in the South have ceased to sell liquors on the dining cars and at the eating stations. The entire South is rapidly becoming "dry." Even in Kentucky, the home of the famous Kentucky Colonel and mint julep, the crusade is gathering strength. One of the larger cities of that State a few days since came within one vote of declaring for prohibition.

From July 15, 1907, to July 15, 1908, there were 1800 persons killed by accidents in New York State.

A Correction.

The Women's Course of the Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts costs \$1.75 per quarter of the year to residents of the State, rather than \$13.75, as inadvertently announced.

William R. Hearst has refused his support to Wm. J. Bryan. He says: "I do not think the best benefit of laboring men lies in supporting that old party because of a way of false promise, when the performance of that party while in power did more to injure labor than all the injurious ever issued before or since. I have lost faith in the empty professions of an unregenerate democracy. I have lost confidence in the ability, to the sincerity and even in the integrity of its leaders."

President Roosevelt's attitude against the court that set aside the twenty-nine million fine imposed by Judge Landis, has been universally condemned by thinking men and the newspapers all over the country. The Springfield Republican has as clear a statement of the President's attitude for his position as any that we have seen. It says:

"This is not the first of President Roosevelt's offenses of the kind, and cannot therefore be attributed to the summer's extreme heat. He was angered by the lower courts' decision against the railroad employer's liability act and took pains to let Congress and the country know about it. He is constitutionally incapable of brooking opposition or variance of view from his own. He can see only one side to any disputed matter, and if the courts ever happen to find another side then so much the worse for them. He is temperamentally unfit for the position he holds, and it is well for the country that the days of his stay there have been numbered."

Thursday afternoon the cruiser Yankee took on 400 apprentices from the Naval Training Station here and started them on their long journey to join the battleship fleet. The Yankee will take them as far as Newport News and from there they will be shipped to the western coast by rail. Most of the boys were very jubilant over the prospect before them, and the draft was regarded by the officers as one of the most competent ever sent out from here.

Subscriptions for stock to the Common Sense Gum Company are coming in well, and the chances look bright for securing this industry for Newport. The present season makes Newport business men doubly awake to the necessity for some manufacturing plant, as it is very evident that a long hard winter is coming. The members of the committee are working earnestly to bring the plant to Newport.

The representative council was called in special session on Friday evening for the purpose of considering the advisability of making an additional appropriation for the construction of the new Mansfield school, as it had been found that the amount available was not enough to build the school in accordance with the plans.

It is rumored that there may be a fine new villa erected before another season by Mr. Seth Barton French, who is this year occupying the Slater cottage on the Cliff. If this materializes, as well as the rumored cottage for Mr. P. F. Collier, it will mean the keeping of many workmen busy through the winter.

The wedding of Miss Alice Grosvenor, daughter of Mrs. William Grosvenor, and Mr. Dudley Davis, of New York, will take place at Emmanuel Church on Monday, August 31st, at high noon. A reception will follow at the home of the bride's mother, "Roslyn," on Beacon Hill.

Major E. A. Wood, the well known cyclist, was in Newport Thursday evening, stopping here over night on his way from Portland, Me., to California. He is 57 years of age, but is in excellent health and is taking the present long distance ride merely for his own pleasure.

Harry Daugh, nine years old, was before the District Court last week on a charge of setting fire to a barn on Long wharf on April 26. Judge Franklin thought that the State had not proved its case and discharged the boy.

Miss Sigrid Applegren and Mr. M. Eugene Gutter were quietly married at noon on Tuesday by Rev. E. A. Johnson, after which they left on their wedding trip, which will include a visit to Boston, Auburn and New York.

Paymaster's Clerk T. J. Mulcahy has been transferred from the Training Station and ordered to duty on the Yankee, the flagship of the naval reserve fleet which is now operating in Chesapeake Bay.

Postal cards received in this city this week indicate that Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bryant and Miss Edith M. Tilley were in Rome on July 16th, stopping at the Grand Hotel Michel.

Mr. Israel Cohen died at his home in Boston last week and was buried on Sunday. He was for many years proprietor of the Newport One Price Clothing Company.

The annual meeting of the General Nathaniel Greene Memorial Association will be held at the Newport Historical rooms on August 7.

Officer Coggeshall shot a dog, which was alleged to have been used, on Mill street Tuesday noon.

Torpedoes Tested.

Important recent tests were made at Coddington Cove, and in Buzzard's Bay Wednesday, with the new torpedo nets, a steel mesh claimed to be able to withstand the shock of torpedoes fired at close range. In Coddington Cove the torpedo boats, Morris and Gwin, fired torpedoes at different ranges and different speeds at the nets, placed above water, and it was reported unofficially that the nets were not pierced. The nets are designed to be placed about armored cruisers and torpedo boats for protection in time of war against torpedo attack.

The Flunger and the Nina have been ordered to report to Newport August 7 and they will join the fleet of torpedo boats and submarines which, with the gunboat Yankee as consort, Capt. Marshall in charge, will proceed to Gardue's Bay, Long Island, to be there by August 10 for the maneuvers of the naval military of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which will be on the Yankee.

The fishermen in this vicinity as well as all over Narragansett Bay are complaining bitterly at the scarcity of fish this season. The catch thus far has been lighter than it has been for years. Many believe that the cause is attributable to the heavy firing at Fort Adams and Greble and the minute warfare a month ago. An organization is to be formed among the fishermen to protect their rights and also to make a demand on the U. S. government through our Senators and Representatives in Congress that this firing be stopped, or at any rate be carried on in May and September. It is no more than right that the government should pay some regard to the interests of this large class of people who get their living by fishing, and if the matter is rightly laid before them there is no doubt but that our delegation will take up the matter with these in authority.

Mr. Arthur G. Simon was severely though not dangerously injured by being cut in the neck by a knife in the hands of a colored man on Broadway last Sunday forenoon. The man had been in the employ of Mr. Simon at his farm out on the island but was recently discharged. After creating considerable commotion at the farm in the morning he came into Newport and encountered Mr. Simon on Broadway and made an assault on him with a knife. He was placed under arrest and was arraigned, charged with assault with a dangerous weapon. He pleaded guilty and was committed to jail in default of \$500 bail to await action by the grand jury. He did not believe in this part of the country, but is said to have come here at about the time one of the crosses exhibited here. He gave his name to Mr. Simon as Howard Stewart, and is about twenty-four years of age.

Middleton.

After a two weeks' vacation, the Friday evening meetings of the Epworth League, which have been held at the parsonage, will be resumed this week, also the Sunday services, which are being held at the town hall, will be at the usual hours on Sunday.

Rev. James P. Conover, who with his family are spending the summer at the Cottage, Indian avenue, is supplying each Sunday at the Chapel of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., returning each week to Middletown.

A business meeting of St. Columba's Guild was held on Thursday of this week at the Berkeley Parish House to prepare for the annual fair which is held each year for the benefit of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. While the fair has been held in various places in years past it has in recent years given Mr. Dimes much pleasure and satisfaction to have it at St. George's School, where there is ample room to accommodate the large gatherings.

Aside from the fair itself the school always is attractive, not only from an educational point of view, but from the magnificent prospect it affords both of the bay and the surrounding country. The fair will occur on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday next.

Mrs. Sarah Smith of Valley Road is visiting her niece, Mrs. Wallace A. Mitchell, in Block Island.

Mrs. Bertha Congdon Newton and her two sons of Providence are occupying the Job Barker cottage on the East Main Road near Wyatt Road for the summer.

Owing to the ill health of Mrs. Newton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Congdon, who live next door with their daughter, Mrs. Scott Barker, Mrs. Newton has located near them as to be with them as much as possible.

The doors and all the windows at the new Methodist Church, except the memorial window back of the pulpit, are now in place and the interior furnishings are soon to be put in and the outdoor grading begun. The members hope to hold services in the new edifice by September if possible.

The program committee of the Paradise Reading Club, Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham, Mrs. J. Oscar Peckham and Mrs. Wm. B. Sayer, have arranged an attractive list of subjects for the coming year and will soon have the 1908-1909 booklets ready for distribution.

State Commissioner of Forestry, Jesse B. Mowry, of Chesapeake, R. I., has offered his services, free of expense, to speak on the conservation of trees, before the granges. Owing to the fact that all immediate grange dates, both in the local and Newport County, are already filled, his address will not be given before fall.

Chicago in Grip of Hot Wave. Chicago, July 31.—The relief promised in the government weather forecast from the heat of the last few days, which has been responsible for eleven deaths and more than sixty prostrations, has not arrived. Four more deaths were added to the roll yesterday, and of the fifteen prostrations reported several victims are in a critical condition.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyright 1908 by W. T. Foster.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 1, 1908.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross coastline Aug. 4 to 9, warm wave 2 to 7, cool wave 8 to 10. This was predicted to be a northern storm and was not expected to have much effect in the Southern States. Next disturbances will affect the Southern States and will reach Pacific coast about Aug. 6, cross Pacific slope by close of 9, great central valleys 10 to 12, eastern states 13. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 8, great central valleys 10, eastern states 12. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 11, great central valleys 13, eastern states 16.

Immediately following August 1 temperatures will be low in all parts of the country but will steadily rise on meridian 90° till Aug. 8. These conditions will move eastward, reaching the eastern states from one to three days later.

About Aug. 6 the northern storm will have reached meridian 90, having passed over the country from the Pacific slope during the preceding three days and it will reach the Atlantic about Aug. 8 or 9. A cool wave will follow about one or two days behind this storm wave.

I will again warn my readers that the storm expected to cross Pacific slope near August 8 will be severe and in a few localities will probably be dangerous about August 2 to 5. Better be on the alert for that disturbance till it has passed you.

In southern states the temperatures will rise from Aug. 1 to 13. In extreme southwest temperatures will begin to go down about Aug. 11 and that cool wave will reach eastern states about Aug. 15. Not much rain in southern states, August 6 to 12. Some rain in south first and last five days of month. Two cool waves will cross continent first half of August, one reaching meridian 90 about Aug. 8 and the other about August 7 and these cool waves will be preceded by rains in northern states. Not much rain in northern states Aug. 8 to 14.

A northern disturbance will cross continent August 11 to 16 and will be described in next bulletin.

I am expecting temperatures of the eastern states to average much lower for August than in the great central valleys. Rainfall will be greater for August in the eastern states than in great central valleys. Very low temperatures will cross Mississippi August 17 to 20 and a cold dip will come down into the United States not far from Aug. 17. August will be extremely hot in southern states from Georgia westward from 8 to 27. That month will be dry in southern states east of Mississippi River.

For Sale in Portsmouth.

A beautifully situated site containing nine acres and commanding extensive view of Narragansett Bay, for a gentleman's country residence, near Branch Lake and Wapping Road.

APPLY TO
A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
122 Bellevue Avenue, Telephone 228.

Speedy Justice in New Jersey.

New Brunswick, N. J., July 29.—Archie Herron, who shot and killed Rev. S. V. B. Erickson, a Methodist minister, on July 15, was convicted of murder in the first degree and was sentenced to be electrocuted on Sept. 7. Herron's trial began Monday, and the case was given to the jury yesterday. It took but forty-five minutes to bring in a verdict of guilty. Herron's motive is believed to have been to "revenge" himself upon the minister, who, when a recorder of the Methuen court, sentenced Herron to serve ten days in jail for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

The Thomas Car at Paris.

Paris, July 31.—The Thomas car in the New York-to-Paris automobile race crossed the frontier at noon yesterday and reached Paris at 8 o'clock last evening. The car was escorted up the boulevards by automobile enthusiasts who met it at Meaux, twenty-five miles east of Paris, and was greeted with cheering. The race committee was awaiting at the office of the Matin to receive the car. Congratulations were showered upon the intrepid crew.

Deaths.

In this city, 25th inst., Emma, widow of Pryce K. Jones, in her 82d year.
In this city, 25th inst., Mary M., wife of Edward Otto, in her 56th year.
In this city, 25th inst., at the residence of his son, Ernst Voigt, 1 Dean avenue, Carl Voigt, 58 years.
In this city, 27th inst., at the residence of her niece, Mrs. Richard J. Lawton, 35 William street, Catherine Fitzgerald, aged 64 years.

At his residence in Newport, R. I., on July 26th, after a lingering illness, Colonel Addison Thomas, son of the late General John Addison Thomas, U. S. A.

In this city, 26th inst., William P. Denman, in his 51th year.

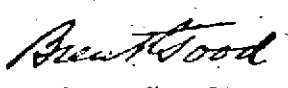
In North Attleboro, 26th inst., Mary E., wife of William Austin, in her 84th year.

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Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Face-Skin Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS

FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SLUGGISHNESS, FOR INDIGESTION, FOR HEADACHE, FOR RHEUMATISM, FOR NEURALGIA, FOR MIGRAINE, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER AND BILIOUS SYSTEM.

Small box 25 cents. Large box 50 cents.

CURE SICK HEADACHES

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

August Year	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Notes
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	First Quarter, 8th day, 10:30 a.m., evening.
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	Full Moon, 13th day, 10:30 a.m., evening.
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	Last Quarter, 20th day, 10:30 a.m., evening.
25	26	27	28	29	30	31		New Moon, 28th day, 10:30 a.m., evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Tilley, formerly of this city, but now of Woburn, Mass., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George A. Weaver, on Bull street.

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best. Will not leak. Water-tight. Acid and Alkali Proof. Waterproof and Anti-rusting. Requires no coating for many years. Coated both sides, won't rot underneath. Can be applied over old roofs. Can be applied over all roofs. Kinds and Mable. Fire-Resisting.

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TELEPHONE 100 6-1000

SOME VARIOUS COLLECTIONS.

Pennock Band Master Pennock's Accusations of the Mammoth Exposition Building of the Boston Food Fair in Park Square Perfection.

John Phillip Pennock, the world's most famous band master, who with his famous band of 65 pieces—the largest organization he has ever brought to Boston—will be one of the leading musical features of the 7th Annual Original Boston Food Fair, an affair of the building in which his music plays so he is in regard to the perfection and ease of their instruments.

This explains why he left his pleasant summer home to visit Boston last week. He came purposely to inspect the Park Square Collection and to determine what, if any, steps should be taken to make it a success. The result of the trip was Pennock's enthusiastic report to the Boston Food Fair management that "The Collection's musical properties were ideal and that nothing whatever need be done. He made the test, not only with band instruments, but with one of the several vocal soloists who will appear in connection with his band concerts both here and on his farewell tour of the world which immediately follows his Boston Food Fair engagement.

It is worthy of note and of the most pleasant anticipation that the Boston Retail Grocers' Association, under whose auspices this big Exposition is held, will make it a great musical event. In fact, in respect to bands, vocalists, leaders, vocal soloists, and music, the Boston Food Fair, as a musical event, will easily have the most notable in New England, if not in this country, since the famous World's Peace Jubilee held in this city over thirty years ago.

What he Wanted to Say.

"Hello!"
"Hello!"
"Hello, confound you. What do you want?"
"Is this all?"
"Of course! Why don't you go ahead and talk!"
"Oh, you needn't get mad about nothing!"
"Well, my time's worth money! I can't stand here all day jabbering 'hello' to nobody!"
"This is about the first time I ever used a telephone, and—"

Sally's Question.

The worthy Sunday school superintendent of a certain Maryland town is also the village dry-goods merchant. He is an energetic and efficient in his religious as in his secular capacity. An amusing incident is told of his attempt to enlarge the scriptural knowledge of a class of little girls.

He had told most eloquently the lesson of the day, and at the conclusion he looked about the room and inquired encouragingly:

"Now, has any one a question to ask?"

Slowly and timidly one little girl raised her hand.

"What is the question, Sally? Don't be afraid, speak out!"

"The little girl suggested, in her sweet, sweet voice, that the superintendent should tell her how to make a good cake."

The Engaged Man.

Place's Loyal Sisters Plot to Punish the Plague.

The behavior of the newly engaged often affords the looker-on much food for amusing reflection, but far more interesting is the attitude which the family assumes toward the happy pair during the period of betrothal. If they enter a room together every one flies from it immediately, as if they had the smallpox. If you come upon them in the library you may not so much as pause to find your book, but must precipitately retreat, taking care softly to close the door.

The man does not always seem to like these conditions. He, perhaps, is not a fluent talker, and may even enjoy the society of his own sex, says the New York Evening Sun. He may think regretfully of the times when he had interesting little chats with "her" sisters, or, rather, when they were willing to chat with him. Or he may be so cold-blooded as to anticipate the time when he and his wife will have almost too much of each other's society.

When they go out to walk or ride, he thinks he could enjoy the company of his elder sister, who is a good horse-woman, or of the younger one, who skates; he may fancy the singing of one or the wit of another, possibly the looks of a third. But he is made to feel it would be high treason to yearn for strange gods.

A Rare Nobleman.

The American father of the heiress greeted the count who was a suitor for her hand with dignified frigidity.

"What! How much will I have to pay for your daughter?"

"Good heavens, man! You don't call that stuff out to you?"

"No, sir," replied the soldier meekly; "it's dish water we was emptyin'."

"Where are you going, my man?"

"To Waterford fair, your honor," was the answer.

The Englishman looked approvingly at the fellow who was driving.

"And how much do you expect to get for your daughter at Waterford fair?"

"Shure, an' if I get 25 a head I shan't do badly."

"Ah, that's a sample of your country," said the Englishman, merrily.

"Take those horses to England and you'll average 25 a head for them."

"Just so, your honor, and if you were to take the lake of Killarney to hell you would get a guinea a drop."

Not Safe to Leave it to Pa.

Miss Gosh—And Ethel, dear, what is the lady's name?

Miss Gosh—But I always thought the father named the boys!

Professional replies, "My boy, if I were you I think I'd play under an assumed name."—Judge.

Incog.

Amateur, holding five aces, issues over to professional poker player and whispers, "Billie, how would you play that hand?"

"We are told to cast our bread upon the waters," said a young wife.

"But don't you do it," replied her husband. "A vessel might run against it and get wrecked."—Simpleton.

Grimsby, "So you want to marry my daughter, sir? What are your principles? Are you temperate?"

"Flegibly, Temperate! Why I am so strict that it gives me pain even to find my boots tight."

"Your daughter has a wonderful ear for music."

"Yes," answered Mr. Gamrock wearily, "seems like it can stand most anything."—Washington Chat.

Laurel—"Is this meant to be short-circuit?"

Laurel (monotonously)—Then the heavens take it away and berry it!—Boston Transcript.

Hotel Proprietor—You cannot leave this hotel until you pay your bill.

Mr. O. A. Lark. Ah, at last I have found a man generous enough to grant me the one thing I have always desired—a permanent home.

Love Widow—Poor dear man! He lived only three months after our marriage.

Old Jenkins—Ah! As long as that, ma'am!—Judge.

Lecturing Philanthropist (home from China). You know, my dear people, the people there are not the sort of people to which you and I are accustomed.—Puck.

Railway Conductor. Is there room in there for this man?

Young Man in Compartment. Impossible. Just about room enough for the two ladies.—Frisco Blade.

The only thing in the world that collects no attention is a dollar, and it collects interest, when some people think it better.

A Whimsical Lord Mayor.

BIRDS' TONGUES.

Why the Parrot is Able to Imitate Human Speech.

One of the government naturalists at Washington has recently gathered some fresh information concerning the tongues of birds.

Many people suppose that woodpeckers use their sharp pointed tongues as darts with which to transfix their prey. It is true that the woodpecker, like the hummingbird, can dart out its tongue with astonishing rapidity and that its mouth is furnished with an elaborate mechanism for this purpose.

Considering its powers of imitating speech, it is not surprising to learn that the parrot's tongue resembles that of man more closely than any other bird's. It is not because the parrot is more intelligent than the other birds, but because its tongue is better suited for articulation than theirs, that it is able to imitate us with its mimicry.

The hummingbird's tongue is in some respects the most remarkable of all. It is double nearly from end to end, so that the little bird is able to grasp its insect prey with its tongue much as if its mouth was furnished with a pair of fingers.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE ANT EATER.

A Harmless Animal That Will Fight Hard When at Bay.

A peculiar looking animal is the ant eater, which is closely allied to the sloth family. Its head is drawn out into a long, tubular muzzle. At the end of which is a tiny mouth just big enough to permit the exit of its long, wormlike tongue, which is covered with a sticky saliva.

This tongue is thrust among the holes of ants with great rapidity, coming back laden with the tiny insects. To obtain its prey the ant eater breaks open the ant hills, when all the active inhabitants swarm to the breach and are instantaneously swept away by the remorseless tongue.

The jaws of the ant eater are entirely without teeth, and the eyes and ears are very small.

There are several species of ant eater, the largest kind being about four feet long and having a tail covered with very long hair, forming a huge brush. The claw on the third toe of each fore limb is of great size and is used for breaking open ants and other insects' nests.

Generally speaking, the ant eater is a harmless animal, but at times when at bay it will fight with great courage, sitting up on its hind legs and hugging its foot with its powerful arm.

The Perfumed Cloud.

The dentist's sleeve was smeared with a pile dust. He beat it with his palm, and a perfumed cloud arose.

"Makeup," he said, laughing, "the day's usual harvest of makeup. Why the deuce, to front the fierce white light of a dental chair, will women come to me with makeup plastered thick on their pretty faces? They all, or nearly all, do it. Their lips are reddened, their brows penciled, their cheeks rouged, and in a few cases the tiny network of veins in the temples is outlined in blue. Peggling away at their teeth, I mop up all that makeup on my coat sleeve. I smother red over white noses, black over pink cheeks. Phen! Look out!"

And, brushing his cuff again, he leaped back to escape the sweet smelling cloud that filled the air.—Exchange.

Difficult Facts.

"Here are some extracts from a few modern popular novels," said an author as he took down a scrap book. Then he read:

"The worthy pastor appeared at the manse door, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his loose jacket, while he turned the leaves of his prayer book thoughtfully and wiped his glasses with a disarranged hand."

"After the door was closed a stealthy foot slipped into the room and with cautious hand extinguished the light."

"Fittingly fingered over his final lemonade, when a gentle voice tapped him on the shoulder, and, turning, he beheld his old friend once again."

"The chariot of revolution is rolling outward, gushing its teeth as it rolls."—Washington Star.

Grumpy Little Salmon.

Little creatures may be very greedy and yet not be able to eat much because of their size, as was illustrated, for instance, in the case of a batch of about 20,000 little Chinook salmon that were hatched out at the aquarium. These young fishes, each about two inches long, would eat so much that their little stomachs fairly stuck out, and yet to feed the whole 20,000 took only one pound of liver and a quart of herring roe, both chopped fine.—New York Sun.

An Exception.

"I think," said the merchant, "I'll have to fire your friend Pork. I never saw any one quite so lazy."

"Slow in everything, is he?"

"No, not everything. He gets tired quick enough."—Exchange.

Lightning and Thunder.

By counting the number of seconds from the interval between lightning and thunder it is possible to figure approximately how far from the observer is the scene of the storm. Sound travels 1,100 feet a second, so multiply the number of seconds by 1,100, which will give the distance in feet from the point where the lightning flashed. For example, if ten seconds have elapsed the distance away will be 11,000 feet, or a little over two miles. It might be added that as light and lightning travel so much faster than sound, if one survives after hearing the crashing peal he can be sure he is safe. Remembrance of this will dissipate terror.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Education.

An old darkey in Alabama called across the fence to his neighbor's son, who went to school at the Atlanta University: "Look hyat boy, you go to school, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Larbin! 'n' make it bigger on a hole, eh?"

"Well, it don't take two whole days to make an hour, do it?"

"Why, no," exclaimed the boy.

"You was goin' to bring that hatcher back in an hour, wasn't you? And it's been two whole days since you borrowed it? Now, what's the use of your eedycashin if you go to school a whole year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fetch back de hatcher?"

An old physician was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. A lady called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil.

"But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy."

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."—London Opinion.

A good old Georgia brother who had decided to leave an unimpressive charge, finding it impossible to collect his salary, said in his farewell sermon: "I have little more to add, dear brethren, save this: You were all in favor of free salvation, and the manner in which you have treated me proves that you got it."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Why can't you give me a decent sum of money and not dabble it \$1000 at a time?"

Questioning this, the titled Briton gazed at his American wife, but she did not quail.

"It was distinctly understood," she returned with firmness, "that I bought you on the installment plan."—Pittsburgh Courier.

"I always hate to pass an ice cream saloon when I'm walking with my girl."

"I've never happened to pass one when I was out with my girl."

"That's strange. How do you manage it?"

"I don't manage it, she does. She always insists on going in."

"Isn't your speech a little ungrammatical here and there?"

"Perhaps," answered Senator Sorensen, "but you see, I've got to keep it from becoming too severely grammatical. Some of my constituents might think I was trying to put on airs."

Rev. Mr. Waters. Look at Bill Burke, for instance. It was the demon rum that made him the one-eyed, low-browed man that he is today.

Octavius Charlie. Not altogether, parson. It maybe made him a low-browed one, but it was me that made him one-eyed.

"The mosquito," observed the congressman, "is about the only creature on earth I am jealous of."

"Why the mosquito?" he was asked.

"I am jealous of the ease with which he introduces a bill."

"Who is that stout gentleman in the bow's room?" said the clerk in the War Office to the private secretary.

"Why, that is Secretary Taft. Didn't you know him?"

"No. I've only been here two years."

—Life.

"Have you availed yourself of the privilege of leap year?"

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "I don't care to have a man tell me he will be a brother to me."—Washington Star.

"Yes," remarked one legislator, "I scored my opponent in our recent debate."

"What did you do it with?"

"The other," "A metaphor or a short-arm jolt!"—Washington Star.

"They are not smart people, are they?"

"Oh, dear, no," answered Miss Fervidous. "He wears last year's clothes and she uses last season's slang."—Washington Star.

"Oh that a boy of mine should live to disgrace his family!"

"Why, dad, what's the matter with you? It's all right. I got off on a technicality."—Kansas City Journal.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic markets, all at low prices, low like our regular prices. This is our last chance to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be low cost and to give general satisfaction.

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380 Washington Street, Boston.

Fingers in the Pie.

It appears that Theodore Roosevelt and Robert Bacon have been trying to tell Charles W. Eliot how to run his business. Messrs. Roosevelt and Bacon think that a rowing match should take precedence of such trifles as college discipline or moral principle, that a theft, however, brazen and execrable should be winked at rather than imperil a boat race.

As coach of a crew Mr. Eliot did an unpardonable thing. As president of Harvard College he did his duty.—Life.

Towns—Do you believe in dreams? Brownie—I used to, but I don't any more.

Towns—Not as superstitious as you were, eh? Brownie—Oh, it wasn't a question of superstition. I was in love with one once, and she killed me.—The Catholic Standard and Times.

"Is your husband all that you think he should be?" asked the visitor in a confidential tone of voice.

"No, exactly," replied the other complacently. "But he's all I can expect. He's my fourth, and I know him."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mamma—Good gracious, Georgia! What is the matter with Freddie Jones? Is the child having a fit? Georgia—No, mamma. You know Freddie suffers and we but he couldn't say "allright" before Bobbie ran twice around the block.—Puck.

Tramp—Please, mum; see an' my mate are shipwrecked sailors. Lady—Fiddlesticks! Neither of you was ever near the sea. Tramp—Quite right, lady. We was on a shipwreck.—Punch.

"Your wife has run away with your chauffeur! My poor friend, how unhappy you must be!"

"Oh, yes. He was such an excellent chauffeur!"—Le H're (Translated from the Transatlantic Tales).

Mother (to her daughter)—Don't hold your dress up so high, Elsie; it doesn't look nice.

Elsie—Well, why did you buy all such pretty stockings, mother?—Sleepyhead's Blather.

CASTORIA

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

